Spring

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Spring

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prequel to Firebird

Music journalist Ellis hooks up with closeted up and coming musician Igor Stravinsky of the hot new band Firebird.

Ellis had to admit, Firebird was fantastic. Of all the bands he was covering at this small, three day music festival they were by far the best. And he'd been doing this long enough to know the difference between a band that was just going to continue doing bar shows and small festivals and the ones that were going to hit the big time.

Firebird was definitely going to hit the big time. Ellis wouldn't be surprised to find them topping the charts in a couple of years time. The band was enigmatic, the music connected, and they were quite unlike anything he'd ever heard before.

And despite finding the lead singer and pianist, Stravinsky, to be undeniably attractive, Ellis planned to be passionate but fair in his write up, as always. But it was safe to say that his curiosity about Stravinsky was an equal driving force behind his heading over to the performer's area to try and score an interview with the man.

And perhaps more.

His gaydar was usually pretty accurate and even from the stage he was getting a vibe from Stravinsky. Or maybe it was just wishful thinking? Either way, he was going to interview Igor Stravinsky with his tall, firm build, slicked back hair and round little glasses that didn't hide the intensity in his eyes.

With press pass in hand, Ellis had taken himself off to the performer's area as the last band was wrapping up their set. A few bands were just about ready to go, but then stopped when they saw him.

He didn't believe for one moment that his reputation proceeded him, he was arguably as up and coming as the rest of them. They were just hungry enough for the media coverage to hang around and hope to get a sound bite in some publication or other. For some it might be the first coverage of many years to come, others it would be a clipping in a scrapbook they could look back on in ten years whilst working as an accountant.

Ellis strolled around the main area, steering clear of the equipment being packed up, and polite enough to look away from anyone getting changed. This was all very rough and ready and not

unlike many of the small gigs he'd covered before.

He spotted Firebird straightaway, though admittedly he only took notice of Stravinsky as they were all packing their instruments. The fact that Stravinsky played piano, which had been provided by the venue, meant that he was simply packing away their general detritus.

And somehow looked sexy doing it.

Stravinsky had a captivating form, when he moved he was graceful, almost like a ballet dancer and it had Ellis practically salivating. There were very few times where he felt this sort of horny attraction outside of a bar or club, and even less where it was appropriate to act on it.

In an effort to not be quite so obvious, Ellis took out his dictaphone and started around the room, introducing himself and getting a few comments that he may or may not end up using in the write up.

It was ten minutes or more before he came to Firebird, now almost entirely ready to leave.

"Good evening," Ellis started, introducing himself to them all technically but directly to Stravinsky who was then the only one not to look up when he spoke. When no one replied, the others looked to Stravinsky for a reaction, Ellis continued, "I'm writing a piece on the festival for *Gig Review*, would you like to give me a soundbite?"

They all continued to look at Stravinsky, who finally finished packing and straightened up.

"No press." He replied and at that the others looked away and they all went back to packing up as though Ellis wasn't there.

Not one to make a fool of himself, Ellis took that as a no and gave a curt nod before walking away. He was above begging for some hot musicians to give him the time of day no matter how damn intrigued he was.

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On the drive back to the shitty lodgings passing themselves as a hotel, Ellis was kicking himself over not trying harder.

In fact, he'd been an idiot. He'd been so focused on considering the idea of seducing the enigmatic singer, that he had been caught off guard by the refusal. That was the sort of unprofessional shit that had kept him back.

He should have pushed for more. Because now the hottest band at the festival had just fallen through his grasp when instead he might have written the first real piece on the next biggest thing. He knew very well that in a year or two, he'd be beating himself up over losing the opportunity when the band's name was in lights.

Ellis didn't even bother heading to his room, instead going into the small and dark lounge that the hotel called a bar. It was full of ratty old furniture and stank of stale beer, but all he wanted right now was to crawl into a bottle of whiskey and hopefully make it back to his equally shabby room before he passed out.

At first, Ellis thought the room was empty but for the bored looking bartender. It wasn't until he had his drink in his hand that the soft sound of gently pressed piano keys rang out behind him, causing him to quickly turn on his stool at the bar.

He hadn't noticed the upright piano in the corner of the room, but now he did, along with none other than Igor Stravinsky sitting at the piano, alternating between playing and making notes on sheet paper.

Ellis felt a shiver of anticipation, seeing a second chance for that interview.

Ellis knocked back his drink and asked for another, taking his full glass over to the piano and sitting on one of the chairs beside it.

"Can I buy you a drink?" Ellis asked, trying to keep the automatically flirtatious note from his voice.

Stravinsky didn't respond at first, didn't acknowledge him at all as he continued to make notes against the composition on the sheets in his lap.

Finally he turned back to the piano, starting to play the same sequence over as he replied, "I told you, no press."

Ellis couldn't help the smile at that, the strange pride at having been recognised from such a slight interaction.

"No interview," Ellis conceded, "I'm just here having a drink and thought the one other person in the bar might like to join me."

Stravinsky cocked his brow, though never once losing focus from his playing. He stopped and made another adjustment on the sheet before looking squarely at Ellis.

Ellis didn't miss the hesitation there, how Stravinsky took a slight inhale when their eyes finally met, before he accused "you followed us to our hotel."

"Actually, it's pure coincidence. I'm staying here too." Ellis countered with a grin, not missing how Stravinsky still hadn't looked away.

Damn, if this guy wasn't attracted to men that Ellis would eat his hat.

No response was forthcoming and eventually Stravinsky cleared his throat and went back to playing as though Ellis wasn't there.

"If you change your mind, I'll be at the bar." Ellis offered before making his way back over.

He managed another couple of drinks before the bartender called last orders. Stravinsky was still playing, strange and beautiful sounds that stopped and restarted over and over as he worked on a melody. Ellis had taken out his notepad and began jotting down his impressions of it.

Even if he didn't get an interview there was nothing stopping him writing a piece on his own experience of sitting alone in a bar whilst Stravinsky worked on his craft. In fact, he already knew his editor would eat it up.

"I need to close up," the bartender told him again as he drained his glass.

“Sure, go ahead. Just leave the bottle,” Ellis said in his most persuading tone as he slipped the few notes he had left in his wallet across the counter. The bartender huffed and considered for a moment before putting the quarter full bottle of whiskey in front of Ellis, sliding the money into his pocket and walking out the back.

Ellis sure hoped this was going to be worth it because that was the last of his ready cash. He was already living pay cheque to pay cheque trying to make ends meet and hoping each new article or interview would be his ticket into the big leagues.

Ellis looked up from his drink when he heard the sound of the lid closing over the piano keys. With the sheet music rolled up under his arm, Stravinsky made his way towards the bar on his way to the exit that led up to the bedrooms.

As he drew closer, Ellis reached out a hand and gently placed it on his arm.

“Will you join me for a drink now? I have the rest of this bottle to finish and spent the last of my pay cheque on it, so the least you can do is not leave me to drink alone.” Ellis ended with a charming grin.

Stravinsky seemed hesitant again, cold. He looked at the exit and back at Ellis before setting his papers down on the next barstool along rather than on the slightly sticky bar top.

“One drink, just to help me sleep.” Stravinsky conceded.

“You have problems sleeping?” Ellis asked as he leaned over the bar and grabbed a fresh glass before pouring out a measure each.

Stravinsky's jaw tightened and then relaxed. Ellis wasn’t sure if the man was just terrible with people in general or if Ellis was particularly irksome to him.

“More so after a gig.”

“So you just stay up composing?” Ellis pushed softly.

“If I can’t sleep I’d rather use my time than waste it.” Stravinsky replied and then narrowed his eyes over his glass. “This is all off the record. This is not an interview.”

“Fine,” Ellis raised his hands in surrender. “Though I’m intrigued as to why you're so averse to press coverage.”

Stravinsky drank some of his whiskey and set the glass back down, not looking at Ellis as he replied. “Music means more to me than fame. I don’t want us to lose sight of our music by trying to become celebrities. I’m a private person and just because I play music doesn’t mean I should change that. We want audiences to enjoy us on the strength of our music and performances, not on how we are portrayed in the tabloids.”

The tone was heavy and Ellis felt the need to lighten it by chuckling and raising his glass, “Thank god there are some fame hungry musicians out there or I’d be out of a job.”

Stravinsky hummed and drank again.

“So do you do anything else to relax, or as a hobby? Something other than music?” Ellis asked.

Stravinsky narrowed his eyes, “I don’t want to be interviewed. No matter how charmingly you ask.”

Ellis tried not to smirk at the reference to being charming, in fact he had to try hard to stop himself from letting his hand fall onto the man’s knee.

“I’m not interviewing you, it’s called a conversation. I was trying to get to know you.”

“Why?” Stravinsky’s tone was cold and he was suddenly very still.

“Because I’d like to get to know you. You’re intriguing, handsome.” Ellis explained, not missing how Stravinsky’s breath halted for a moment. “Would you like to get to know me too?”

The last was a gamble, all the more so when he did allow himself to stroke his hand lightly over Stravinsky’s thigh.

For a moment it looked like Stravinsky was going to jump up off of his stool, but instead he clenched his jaw again and looked away.

“Am I misreading this? If you’re not interested-” Ellis began to rise from his own stool but Stravinsky turned sharply back to him.

“My band mates and I are sharing a family room.” Was the only reply.

Ellis grinned and grabbed the bottle of whiskey, “You’re more than welcome to join me in mine.”

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For all his magnetism and intimidation on stage, up close and personal, Igor Stravinsky was like a deer in the headlights.

He had followed Ellis wordlessly as they went back to his modest room. It was a double, though the bed took up most of the room and the carpet was worn almost the whole way through between the bed and the ensuite.

Ellis closed the door behind them and set down the whiskey before starting to pull off his clothes, very aware that Stravinsky was watching intently. Ellis wouldn’t be terribly surprised if the man bolted, but instead he stood there watching, his breathing becoming more shallow.

When Ellis was down to his boxers he stepped forward, closing the space between them.

“Is this why you’re such a private person?” He asked, running his hand down the buttons of Stravinsky’s shirt.

“I’m not comfortable with people knowing my business. I’m not usually this reckless.”

Ellis nodded and moved forward to press their mouths together, it was slow and hesitant, coaxing. Stravinsky shuddered as he breathed into it.

“Your secret’s safe with me,” Ellis mumbled as he pulled back, dragging his mouth over Stravinsky’s stubbled jaw and to his throat.

He could feel the man getting hard against him, their bodies pressed close enough together that both of their erections were very obvious.

Ellis panted as he pressed his hips forward, finding them both some friction as he muttered next to Stravinsky's ear, "do you want to fuck me?"

Stravinsky whimpered and then stumbled backwards as though stung. He looked conflicted and Ellis winced, evidently having gone a little too fast for this shy rabbit.

Ellis backed off, carefully trying not to spook Stravinsky further. He went over to his pants, now laid out on the end of the bed, and removed his cigarettes from his pocket before strolling to the window that opened onto the side wall of the next building.

He opened it up and then pulled the beaten up armchair up to it and turned back to Stravinsky, tilting his head to encourage him over as he lit the cigarette. He took a drag and blew the smoke out of the window, slow and casual as he waited.

After a minute, Stravinsky came over and Ellis held the cigarette out to him. He took it and inhaled deeply, holding it for a second before blowing back out of the window as Ellis had done.

He stood there smoking as Ellis gently began to unbutton his shirt and then his trousers. He could feel Stravinsky shivering under his touch, though he no longer pulled away.

"Sit," Ellis said softly once Stravinsky's trousers were around his ankles and his chest exposed.

Stravinsky did so, sinking into the armchair with the cigarette in hand and breathing hard. He looked hungrily up at Ellis, waiting for the next move.

"Stay," Ellis commanded, as he removed Stravinsky's glasses and set them on the sill. "I'm going to freshen up."

Ellis left Stravinsky and wandered towards the bathroom. He heard the sigh of relief from behind him. Stravinsky wanted this but it was clearly a lot, given that the man was closeted. And Ellis didn't mind. He'd happily work for a good fuck, and he was never about to rush someone even if it meant that nothing happened between them in the end.

But, just in case…

After he closed the bathroom door, Ellis moved quickly, dropping his boxers and pulling up his washbag and taking out the lube and condoms he'd stowed in there. He'd fucked his fingers last night out of sheer boredom after the second and somewhat underwhelming day at the festival.

With a grunt, Ellis expertly pushed slicked fingers inside himself, contorting slightly to find the best angle to prepare himself as much as possible. He was relaxed and now nicely lubed up, grazing his prostate just enough to get a buzz from it.

Given the reactions so far, he really didn't want to give chance for Stravinsky to get in his own head if it all started to take too long.

Ellis washed his hands and then ran the damp fingers through his hair and smoothed down his moustache before he finally opened the door and sauntered naked back into the room.

Stravinsky was sitting relaxed in the chair, cigarette almost gone and one hand in his boxers stroking slowly with his eyes closed.

Perfect, Ellis smiled.

“Mmm,” Ellis hummed as he approached, “you look delectable.”

Stravinsky looked more settled now, less like he might flee, so Ellis moved towards him and then sank to his knees with the condom packet clearly between his fingers.

There was no negative response from Stravinsky as Ellis then hooked his fingers under the man’s boxers and began to draw them down. If anything, there seemed some confidence there now as Stravinsky held his cock to Ellis’s lips.

Ellis hummed again as he flicked his tongue over the tip and then sank his mouth down.

Stravinsky had a beautiful cock and he’d love to spend hours worshipping it, but he was still concerned that this might become too much for his new friend at any moment. With one more suck and a parting lick, Ellis pulled back and looked up at Stravinsky.

“Do you want to fuck me?” Ellis asked again, and this time he was met with a groan.

“Yes,” he growled, bending down to mutter close to Ellis’s ear. “I want to fuck you.”

Ellis chuckled and ripped the condom wrapper open with his teeth, both of them panting as Ellis rolled it onto Stravinsky’s cock, enjoying the way it twitched in his hands. Unable to deny temptation, he sank his mouth down once more, sucking Stravinsky through the thin latex before finally moving up to hover over his lap.

Stravinsky’s arms came up around him, startling Ellis as they circled his back and pulled him close. Stravinsky began kissing and sucking at Ellis’s throat as though his passion had been uncorked.

Ellis moaned and lowered himself down, feeling how Stravinsky angled himself so that Ellis was able to sink down onto him and they both groaned as he took Stravinsky inside him.

The stretch was thanks to the thickness of Stravinsky’s cock, and it was bliss. Ellis had no qualms about his masturbatory habits, but nothing was as good as a fleshy, hot cock.

“Fuck me,” Ellis moaned as he began to bounce in Stravinsky’s lap.

With a guttural sound from deep in his throat, Stravinsky took hold of Ellis’s hips and began to fuck up into him, hard and rough.

Ellis’s eyes fell to the cigarette stubbed out on the window sill, and there wasn’t an ounce of him that could remotely care as Stravinsky began to pound into him.

“So good,” Ellis muttered, “you feel so good.”

Stravinsky growled and a hand shot up into Ellis’s hair, gripping tight to his scalp and angling his face so that their lips could find each other.

The kiss was desperate and hungry. Ellis could feel so much pent up need and desire in every movement. Stravinsky might show his emotion through his music, but this was something his

music could never give him.

They fell into a rhythm, their bodies moving perfectly together as Ellis fucked himself in Stravinsky's lap. It was by far the best lay he'd had in years and he hadn't even come yet.

"So damn perfect," Ellis muttered, pulling back from the kiss to catch his breath.

Their eyes met and for a moment he was startled by the intensity in Stravinsky's gaze. Ellis drew in a sharp breath, and before he knew it they were moving.

Still buried in Ellis's ass, Stravinsky stood and took the step forward to meet the bed, dropping Ellis down onto his back and resuming his pounding.

Ellis's toes practically curled as he pulled his legs up around Stravinsky's waist and cried out his pleasure on every hard and deep thrust.

By the time Stravinsky began to falter, Ellis was a mess. Sweaty and lacking any kind of composure, his cock was leaking and he knew just one light touch would have him coming.

As if reading his mind, Stravinsky balanced himself over Ellis on one arm and used his free hand to take hold of Ellis's cock, stroking it in time with his brutal thrusts.

Ellis was babbling and moaning as his cock throbbed in Stravinsky's hand. It only took a few strokes for his balls to draw up and his climax to hit. He felt his come hit his belly and chest but his focus was on clenching around Stravinsky. Adding some pressure to the natural contraction that his orgasm had caused, until his ass was squeezing Stravinsky so tight it would be hard for the man to pull back.

And so he didn't, he hunkered down over Ellis and rocked forward a few more times before crying out against Ellis's neck and spilling copiously into the condom.

"Fuuuuuck," Ellis moaned. He felt Stravinsky shaking as he tried to hold himself up, but eventually the man took hold of the base of the condom and pulled back, sliding out of Ellis before dropping onto the bed next to him.

Stravinsky lay there on his back, panting as his cock softened in the condom.

Recovering himself a little, Ellis, ever the gentleman, slipped the condom off, tied it and threw it into the wastebasket on the other side of the armchair. He collapsed back himself then, rolled onto his side to face Stravinsky.

"That was pretty damn good," Ellis rumbled the compliment and then huffed out a chuckle. "You're welcome to stay the night, I have several more condoms and a strong desire to suck your cock until you come down my throat."

Ellis didn't miss the heated blush that crept up Stravinsky's neck and to his cheeks.

"We'll see…" He replied quietly, though he made no move to leave.

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The next morning Ellis woke and let out a deep groan as he stretched. His body felt fantastic. That thoroughly fucked feeling that left him aching in the most pleasurable of ways.

Stravinsky, as he might have expected, was gone.

He'd stirred when the man had gotten up and used the bathroom about an hour earlier and when Ellis had fallen back to sleep he evidently hadn't come back to the bed. And Ellis couldn't blame him. Even if his bandmates knew about him, he wouldn't want any old sod spotting him leaving some other man's bedroom with his mussed up hair and rumpled clothes.

Ah well, it had been a pleasant encounter, and Ellis was sure he could still make something of his personal piece on listening to Stravinsky play in the bar. It would be one of those articles that ended up about how magical music could be and what a pleasure to be an audience of one to such an undeniable talent.

And that much was true. He might be something of a slut, but he was a good journalist, and no matter what others might think, he only wrote the truth as he saw it. Even if they hadn't spent the night fucking, Ellis would write the same piece in the same way.

It was just a shame they hadn't been able to have a goodbye romp this morning.

Ellis chuckled at the thought and rose from the bed.

It took him a little over forty minutes to shower and throw all his things back in a bag so he could check out. The last thing left was the whiskey bottle, now with barely remnants within. Ellis smiled at it, not sappy enough to keep souvenirs, it still gave him a happy buzz to look at it.

That was when the coaster caught his eye. His mind tripping up over it as he realised there weren't any coasters and this place was such a dump he was sure he wouldn't have bothered to put the bottle on a coaster if there had been one.

Ellis frowned as he picked up the bottle and found underneath it a folded piece of paper.

Not notepaper he realised as he began to unfold it. It was the corner of a piece of sheet music paper that had been written on in the same scrawl that Stravinsky had made his notations in at the piano the night before.

It was simply a phone number.

Ellis grinned and folded the paper once more, sliding it into his top pocket.

As he left the room and trotted down the stairs to the exit, he could hear the piano music once more floating through from the bar area. This time accompanied by the voices of the rest of Firebird, bemoaning the fact that Stravinsky must have stayed up all night at the piano again.

Ellis grinned, allowing the assumptions, and making his quiet exit. Thinking instead about calling the number later and inviting Stravinsky over to his modest dwellings which, at least, were not quite as terrible as this horrible and wondrous shabby little hotel.

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